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JAN THE HAWKER.

HEAVILY, heavily hangs the sky;
All dull and glazed as a dead man's eye;
The clouds in the north areullen and low,
Bulging and bursting with ominous snow;
The world looks numb, and the air is chill,
As Jan the hawker comes over the hill.

Tell and strong and old lusty is he;
Liths in his limb as a sapling tree;
No better man in the country round,
In wrestling ring or on foot-ball ground;
No stouter foot, or stronger hand,
Nor a kindlier heart is in all the land.

Jan is clad in his best array,
His face is bright and rosy and gay,
And the cocker sparrow that dog his heel
A sense of holiday seem to feel;
And each to attract his attention tries,
As they look in his face with their great brown eyes.

A quiet old gauntlet gloves his hand,
Corloined brodered in seam and band;
And there with jesses and silver bell
Is sitting the Merlin he loves so well,
Pinning each feather that sits awry,
And ringing the world with its lustrous eye.

The villagers smile as Jan goes by,
And the maidens follow with envious eye;
For well do they know where Jan is bound—
Over thirty long miles of ground,
Over the moorland far below,
And up to the hills where the cold winds blow.

'Tis just a twelvemonth, lacking a day,
Since Jan was plighted to Bessie Gray;
And once a month, in shine or storm,
He trodges across to her father's farm;
While the girls of the village they pour and sneer,
And think that he might have looked more near.

Cutting and cold the north winds blow;
Heavily, heavily falls the snow;
Night and day, and day and night,
Falling and drifting sleet and white;
Choking the highway and thickening the air,
And drowning the landmarks every where.

And so till Sunday the storm keeps on;
The buried country looks white and wan;
The rusties have plodded their way to church,
And gossiping stand in the old stone porch;
When they hear a shout and a murmurous dir,
And Bessie's father comes staggering in.

"Jan is lost in the snow!" he cries,
With a terrible fear in his haggard eyes.
"Last night at my door I heard a moan,
And there stood the lad's three dogs alone;
Thru and famished with hunger and thirst,
And howling as if their hearts would burst."

He scarce has finished fifty men
Are speeding over the snow again;
Over the moorland and up in the hill,
Where the drifts are lying quiet and still,
Shouting and whistling and calling Jan,
But with never a trace of the missing man.

White, all white, so white and cold,
Whiteness covering forest and wold!
Every outline is smooth and fair;
A breathless hush in the drowsy air;
Earth is so quiet that none might know
Of the terrible secret beneath the snow!

Old Farmer Gray comes tolling on;
Hops and strength are well-nigh gone.
He shouts and shouts through the dreary sky;
He stops and listens—but no reply!
And then he thinks of Bessie at home,
Waiting for him who never will come!

Hark! is that the scream of a hawk?
The farmer stops in his weary walk.
Again and again! His ear is sure,
So he whistles the hawker's favorite lure;
And he hears the scream, and the silver bell,
The bell of the Merlin he knows so well.

Calling, shouting, and whistling still,
He dashes hasty up the hill;
Till, lo! from the midst of a long white rift,
He sees one gauntleted hand uplift,
And on't the Merlin, with jest and bell,
Tearing the flesh that it loved so well.

Heavily, heavily hangs the sky,
All dull and glazed as the dead man's eye.
Heavily hangs the lusty length
Of Jan, the model of manly strength;
And heavy the heart of Farmer Gray
As he moans with his daughter that sorrowful day.

may perhaps shed some light upon the prospects of the new movement.

Europe derives its cotton supply from five sources—the United States, Brazil, the West Indies, the East Indies, and Egypt. During the year 1860 the European consumption was 4,632,000 bales, distributed as follows:

From the United States	3,645,000 bales.
From Brazil	47,000 "
From the West Indies	67,000 "
From the East Indies	100,000 "
From Egypt	1,000 "
Total.	3,852,000 "

If we look back a few years we shall find that the proportion has not varied materially. Counting by thousands of bales, the cotton supply of Europe has been as follows for the past seven years:

	1854.	1855.	1856.	1857.	1858.	1859.
From the U. S.	2,420	2,658	2,629	2,715	3,020	3,645
From Brazil	126	165	152	190	126	47
From East Indies	11	11	11	11	11	11
From West Indies	908	268	472	736	460	514
From Egypt	103	103	183	100	157	145
Total.	3,004	3,158	3,050	3,371	3,805	3,852

It will then be perceived that while there has been no perceptible increase in the cotton supply from Brazil, the West Indies, and Egypt during the past seven years, the supply from the United States and from the East Indies has increased fifty per cent.

The price has generally been governed by the condition of the crops in this country. When it became known in Europe that the supply from the United States in 1857 would be short, the price rose, in October of that year, to 9½d. a pound at Liverpool; it fell last year, on the advice of a very handsome crop, to 5½d. in July.

From the fact that strenuous efforts have been made for many years to increase the production of Egypt, the West Indies, and Brazil, while the above table shows that they yield no more now than they did in 1854, it may be inferred that they have reached their maximum product, and that no exertions of the European cotton-spinners can extract from them more cotton than they now export.

The question whether Europe can obtain cotton from countries outside of the United States turns upon the capabilities of the British dominions in India, and upon the development of the plant in new regions.

As to British India. In 1857, it is shown above that British India exported 738,000 bales; the bale being, however, as we suppose, of 220 pounds only, the total product was not quite equal to 369,000 American bales. Can this product be increased eight or ten fold? On the face of it, such a development seems impossible. Still, it is as well to look things in the face, and it must be admitted that there are reasons for expecting a very large increase of cotton supply from India. Since 1857 that country has passed out of the hands of the East India Company. The obstacles which that corporation systematically threw in the way of individual enterprise are now removed. Englishmen and English companies may now grow cotton in any part of India with the approval of the Government—a thing which was impossible under the Company's regime. It is reasonable to suppose, on the one hand, that the new Government of India will offer every encouragement to cotton culture, and on the other, the fears of the European spinners, aroused by the revolution in Southern States, will stimulate them to offer liberal encouragement to the growth of Indian cotton. Labor is cheaper in India than in our Southern States; every variety of climate can be found; and there is difficulty in procuring skilled managers and machinery. Under ordinary circumstances, the proximity of our cotton-fields to the work-shops of Europe would have afforded them an insurmountable advantage over Indian rivals; but if politics are to disturb our agriculture and our commerce, who can foresee the result?

It is argued by European political economists that a very large section of the world's surface is adapted to the growth of cotton; that it is not indigenous to the Slave States of this country; that it may be produced even to better advantage elsewhere. For instance:

Dr. Livingstone reports that cotton grows wild throughout the regions of Central Africa which he has explored, and that the establishment of friendly commercial relations would lead to the cultivation of the plant on an extended scale for export. This region lies on rivers whose mouth is on the eastern shore of Africa.

Cotton is already freely grown for export in the region through which the Niger flows, in Western Africa. One port—Abeokuta—is said to have increased its cotton export from half a bale in 1850 to 2000 bales in 1860. Could the supply from this source be increased?

The Emperor of the French has had careful surveys made of Algeria, with a view to the development of its capacity as a cotton-growing region. It is reported in the Paris journals that they have proved that Algeria can grow all the cotton needed for the consumption of the French mills.

Mr. E. G. Squier, the well-known Central American traveler, publishes a statement to the effect that Honduras is admirably adapted for the growth and culture of cotton, and that

the growth of cotton ; that the plant, which is annual on our sea-islands, is perennial there, and reaches a growth unknown to our latitudes.

Finally, writers in European journals predict a speedy development of cotton culture on shores the Mediterranean which have never grown a pound of the staple, but which are said to be adapted to its production; and other writers, alluding to the enormous production of cotton in China, affirm that if attention were directed to the subject, so ample supply could be obtained from thence.

These are the principal countries to which Europeans are looking for a supply of cotton—in view of a probable failure of the supply from the United States.

It may be remarked that to produce cotton equal to that of our Slave States, not only climate, but labor, is required. The product of our Slave States could be doubled if they had twice as many negroes to work the cotton fields. And it will serve the European spinners but little to discover soil and climate suited to the growth of cotton, if they can not likewise find laborers to cultivate the plant. This deficiency will at once prove fatal to the proposed culture of cotton in Australia, for instance, which does not contain laborers; and in the West Indies, where cotton might have been grown to my extent if labor had been forthcoming.

Whether the free negroes of Africa, in the regions watered by the Zambezi and the Niger, will consent to work sedulously for whole seasons, in order to develop fairly the capabilities of the soil to produce cotton, is one of those problems which can only be solved by experience. Dr. Livingstone and the agents of certain Cotton Supply Associations seem to be sanguine that they will; the experience of Jamaica is on the side of the negative.

It is understood that the Emperor of the French proposes to procure labor from China. Contracts are said to have been made by his agents for large supplies of coolie laborers for Algeria. A similar policy has been pursued by Great Britain for some time past; Trinidad, and other West India Islands, are supplied with coolie labor, and their crops are raised almost entirely by coolies. At a system of coolie emigration from Hindostan and China, he can establish on permanent basis, no limit can be set to the amount of labor which can thus be obtained. China is said to contain 400,000,000, and Hindostan 150,000,000 inhabitants. Under energetic management, half a million laborers could be conveyed annually from these countries to new cotton fields; and in ten years Algeria might contain three or four millions of coolie cotton-producers.

The attempts which have been so often made by Europe to emancipate itself from dependence on this country for cotton have, hitherto, invariably failed. It is well, however, that our success and our good fortune in the past should render us careless of the proceedings which are being had to debar the King Cotton in the future.

STAY LAWS.

We trust that our Southern friends will believe that we have no partisan purpose in view if we direct their attention to the fatal consequences of the stay laws which are now being enacted in certain Southern States. Such measures are calculated to do far more injury in the people of the States which enact them than to the creditors whom they defend at their due time. Yet Georgia has already passed an act postponing the compulsory collection of debts till New-Year 1862; similar measures are pending before the Legislatures of Alabama and South Carolina, and have been broached in Mississippi and Louisiana.

According to the Constitution of the United States (Art. I, sect. 10) "no State...shall pass any...law impairing the obligation of contracts." Under this section it is probable that the Supreme Court would decide the invalidity of State stay laws. If, however, it should be urged either, on the one hand, that a postponement of trials of debtors does not impair the original validity of contracts, or, on the other, that States which have seceded are no longer bound by the Constitution of the United States, it would nevertheless remain obvious that the practical effect of stay laws must be detrimental to the communities which enact them.

For credit is the life and soul of trade, enterprise, and material prosperity; and laws impairing or postponing the just claims of creditors are necessarily fatal to credit.

For many years our Southern States have enjoyed first-rate credit, both at the North and abroad. Southern obligations have always been preferred in New York to obligations from the East or West. For instance, it has been estimated that the South owes the North at present from \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000. Some of these debts are due and payable under all circumstances. Their honor has been relied upon to any extent. Persons who would not trust Western or Eastern dealers a hundred dollars have been delighted to give credits of thousands to Southerners. The simple reason was that people have had an undying faith in the honor of the Southern people—a firm convic-

tion that under all circumstances would hold good to the payment of their debts. Is this faith, a claim to which to be demolished by the passage of a stay law?

We warn our Southern friends against the perils of the path into which some of their leaders are hurrying them. Their wealth and prosperity and expansion are in a large measure the fruit of the credit they have enjoyed. Credit is very sensitive; they should not, for their own sake, subject theirs to any rude ordeal.

THE LOUNGER.

GOING AND GONE!

EIGHT or nine years ago a jolly company set forth one morning from New York upon a railroad excursion. There were Mr. Fillmore, the President of the United States; and Mr. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State; and Mr. Graham, Secretary of the Navy, and other gentlemen of the cabinet. There were Senator Seward of New York, and Senator Sumner of Massachusetts, and other senators and representatives of the people. All the politicians and ex-politicians of the State were also there, and a crowd of authors, artists, men of leisure, and merchants. The hilarious company departed at early morning from the foot of Duane Street in a capacious and "splendid" steamer, and speedily disembarked at Piermont, just beyond the Palisades. There a crowd of the neighbors received them, and they entered the new and nice cars upon the broad gauge road. The impudent locomotives gurgled and excited with prattle, and whistled and snorted, and at length moved forward, and away went the jolly company into the heart of the hills.

The country left its work that day and came to look at the long train, the first "through" train upon the Erie Railroad, that it might feast its eyes upon the promise and prophecy of things to come. Presidents, statesmen, artists, authors, merchants, were only so many samples of the commodities and passengers of the day, and the passengers of the road. The lovely valleys of the Susquehanna and the Delaware should be no longer but busses. The tier of towns along the southern part of the State should feel the iron of the track, and spring into cities, as the squire feels the sword upon his shoulder and rises a knight. The subject valleys of the Chenango, the Genesee, and the rest, should start with the thrill of a new life; and above all, the proud and daring "Central" road should be a great and giddy gash, a great stream of Western travel to be tapped at Dunkirk and turned into the coffers of the triumphant road.

The night was passed at Elmira. You remember, dear B., how we sat and scribbled late in our little room, writing the day's history while it was fresh, and how the hundreds of less fortunate friends, not members of the fourth estate, stretched their weary lengths upon sofas, and chairs, and floors. There were two new hotels for the city of Elmira that was to be a metropolis of mirth, and pleasure, and sport, and very fine, but they were swarmed with gossips, and absolute happiness must have reigned in the hearts of all the hosts. It was not a night sacred to sleep, but who would lose a minute of the festival?

In the morning the journey was resumed. At every station there were shouts for some of the great men. The President bowed blandly. The Secretary of State showed his dark, impressing front and stared at the crowd with his deep, mournful eyes. Sometimes he stopped, and the platform and the spectators spoke in a general murmur. On went the train, cutting sentences and words in twain. There was a waving of hats, a gust of hurrahs, hushed suddenly by distance, and then visits to the "saloon," which was administered with the utmost liberality.

Meanwhile the grand scenery along the route of the train was West. At length it was all for me to see, and the jolly company immediately overboard with members the astonished little train. They slept in the platform, and the station spoke in a general murmur. Some could be found, and the next day they partook. Some returned by the lake and Buffalo, some went westward, and some returned over the Erie road. At sunset of the day they arrived in Dunkirk, and the jolly company immediately overboard with members the astonished little train.

Then, like fiends intent to drink, rushed the cars toward that sparkling goal, and in the afternoon of the second day rolled into Dunkirk, and the jolly company immediately overboard with members the astonished little train. They slept in the platform, and the station spoke in a general murmur. Some could be found, and the next day they partook. Some returned by the lake and Buffalo, some went westward, and some returned over the Erie road.

And so the great Erie Railroad was inaugurate. Its cost had been enormous. Yes; but what of it? It shortened travel to the West, it opened up an entirely new and wonderfully rich region, it wound through the finest farming country in the State; it was a stupendous enterprise, worthy the imperial State of New York, etc., etc., etc. You will find all stated in the report of eloquent speeches, and upon the reports from the platform and the front steps of hotels. So it was triumphantly inaugurated, after many millions had been paid to build it. Many of the great men at the opening are dead—some actually, others only politically. The great hotels where we passed the nights in revelry, they are there—"though fallen, great." Little Dunkirk dropped sleep again the next day, and dreamt upon the shade of its own past. The rich farming country, the fine landscapes, the happy valleys, you may see them whenever you choose

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1861.

COTTON SUPPLY.

OUR Revolution has created a cotton panic in Europe. Merchants and statesmen confesses which may interfere with the production of cotton in this country; and they are peering round eagerly in search of new cotton fields. India, Australia, and the Mediterranean shores, Africa, the West Indies, Central America, and Brazil are summoned loudly and promptly, the anticipated deficit in the cotton produced from the United States. The British Government has directed its counsels to devote especial attention to the subject of cotton culture; and large sums of money have been subscribed by millers and factors for the development of the plant in various localities. A glance at figures



A TEN-INCH COLUMBIAD MOUNTED AS A MORTAR AT FORT SUMTER.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]



THE SALLY-PORT AT SUMTER.—INTERIOR.

FORT SUMTER.

We are again enabled, through the polite attention of officers of Major Anderson's command, to illustrate FORT SUMTER. We publish on the preceding page a large picture of the COLEMAID which has just been placed in position as a mortar; and above a VIEW of the SALLY-PORT, from the inside. The question having been raised whether the guns at FORT SUMTER can reach the City of Charleston, it may be interesting to know that the problem has been solved as the following letter from FORT SUMTER explains:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

"The Weekly of January 26 quotes the *World* in proof that these guns can not send a shell to Charleston, and gives very fair data for that opinion. But a 10-inch COLEMAID throws its shell easily 4828 yards."

"By making the shell eccentric, at least 500 more can be gained; and all intelligent artillerists know of certain other expedients by which the difference from this total (3528 yards) and 550—the distance to Broad Street—can be overcome. Q.E.D. And we trust we shall not be compelled to prove it practically."

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MORNING made a considerable difference in my general prospect of Life, and brightened it

so much that it scarcely seemed the same. What lay heaviest on my mind was the consideration that six days intervened between me and myself of a journeying that I could not divest myself of a foreboding that something might happen to London in the mean while, and that, when I got there, it would be either greatly deteriorated or clean gone.

Joe and Biddy were very sympathetic and pleasant when I spoke of our approaching separation; but they only referred to it when I did. After breakfast Joe brought out my indentures and the bill of sale for my last pair, and we put them in the fire, and I fed the flames. With all the novelty of my emancipation on me, I went to church with Joe, and thought perhaps the clergyman wouldn't have read that about the rich man and the kingdom of Heaven if he had known it all.

After our early dinner I strolled out alone, purposing to finish off the marshes at once, and get them done with. As I passed the church, I felt as if I had done something in it, as though (a sublime compassion for the poor creatures who were destined to go there, Sunday after Sunday, all their lives through, and to lie obscurely at last among the low green mounds. I promised myself that I would do something for them in one of these days, and formed a plan in mine for bestowing a dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding, a pint of ale, and a gallon of condescension, upon every body in the village.

If I had often thought before, with something allied to shame, of my companionship with the fugitive whom I had once seen limping among those graves, what were my thoughts on this Sunday, when the place recalled the wretched, ragged, and shivering, with his felon iron and hand-cuffs. My comfort was that it had happened a long time ago, and that he had doubtless been transported a long way off, and that he was dead to me, and might be veritably dead into the bargain.

No more low, wet grounds, no more dykes and sluices, no more of these grazing cattle—though they seemed, in their dull manner, to wear a more respectful air now, and to face to face with me, as though I were as far along as possible at the possessor of such great expectations—farewell, mancunian acquaintances of my childhood, henceforth I was for London and greatness; not for Smith's work in general and for you! I made my easiest way to the old Battery, and, lying down there to consider the question whether Miss Havisham intended me for Estella, fell asleep.

When I awoke I was much surprised to find Joe sitting beside me smoking his pipe. He greeted me with a cheerful smile on my opening my eyes, and said :

"As being the last time, Pip, I thought I'd feller."

"And, Joe, I am very glad you did so."

"Thankee, Pip," said Joe.

"You are a good boy, Joe," I went on, after we had shaken hands; "that I shall never forget you."

"No, no, Pip!" said Joe, in a comfortable tone, "I'm sure of that. Ay, ay, old chaps! Bless you, it were only necessary to get it well round in a man's mind to be certain on it. But it took a hit of time to get it well round; the change come so uncommon plump; didn't it?"

Soon after I was not best pleased with Joe's being so muchly severe on me. I should have liked him better if he had betrayed emotion, or to have said, "It don't do you credit, Pip!" or something of that sort. Therefore I made no remark on Joe's first head; merely saying, as to his second, that the tidings had indeed come suddenly, but that I had always wanted to be a gentleman, and had often and often speculated on what I would do if were one.

"Have you thought?" said Joe. "Astonishing!"

"It's a pity now, Joe," said I, "that you did not get on a little more, when we had our lessons here; isn't it?"

"Well, I don't know," returned Joe. "I'm so awful dull; it's a pity of my own trade. It were always a pity as I was so awful dull; but it's no more of a pity now than it was—say this day twelve months—don't you see?"

What I had meant was, that when I came to the project and was able to do something for Joe, he would have been much more agreeable if he had been a better qualified for a rise in station. He was so perfectly innocent of my meaning, however, that I thought I would mention it to Biddy in preference.

So when we had walked home, and had dinner, I took Biddy into our little garden by the side of the lane, and, after throwing out in a general way for the elevation of her spirits, that I should never forget her, said I had a favor to ask of her.

"And it is, Biddy," said I, "that you will not omit any opportunity of helping Joe on a little."

"I'll do my best, Pip," said Biddy, with a steady sort of glance.

"Well! Joe is a dear good fellow—in fact, I think he is the dearest fellow that ever lived—but he is rather backward in some things. For instance, Biddy, in his learning and his manners."

Although I was looking at Biddy as I spoke, and although she opened her eyes very wide when I had spoken, she did not look at me.

"Oh, his manners! Won't his manners do then?" asked Biddy, plucking a black currant leaf.

"My dear Biddy, they do very well here—"

"Oh! they do very well here!" interposed Biddy, looking closely at the leaf in her hand.

"They do, one—but if I were to remove Joe into a higher sphere, as I shall hope to remove him when I fully come into my property, they would hardly do him justice."

"And don't you think he knows that?" asked Biddy.

It was such a very provoking question (for it had never in the most distant manner occurred to me), that I said, snappishly, "Biddy, what do you mean?" and having rubbed the leaf to please between her hands—and the smell of a black currant had ever since recalled to me that evening in the little garden by the side of the lane—said,

"Have you never considered that he may be proud?"

"Proud!" I repeated, with disdainful emphasis.

"Oh! there are many kinds of pride," said Biddy, looking full in my face and shaking her head.

"Pride is not all of one kind—"

"Well? What are you stopping for?" said I.

"Not all of one kind," resumed Biddy.

"He may be too proud to let any one take him out of a place that he is competent to fill, and fill

well and with respect. To tell you the truth, I think he is; though it sounds bold in me to say so, for you must know him far better than I do."

"Now, Biddy," said I, "I am very sorry to see this in you. I did not expect to see this in you. You are ever so good and grudging. You are dissatisfied on account of my rise in fortune, and you can't help showing it."

"If you have the heart to think so," returned Biddy, "say so. Say so over and over again, if you have the heart to think so."

Biddy, "said I, "I am very sorry to see it, and it's a— it's a bad side of human nature. I did intend to ask you to my little opportunities you might have after I was gone of improving dear Joe. But after this I ask you no more. I am extremely sorry to see this in you, Biddy." I repeated, "It's a— it's a bad side of human nature."

"Whether you could see or approve of me," returned poor Biddy, "you may equally depend upon my trying to do all that lie in my power here at all times. And whatever opinion you take away of me, shall make no difference in my regard for you. You are a good girl, and I am not so bad as you."

"A gentleman should not be afraid of her head," said Biddy, turning away again.

I again warmly reprimanded that it was a bad side of human nature (in which sentiment, venting its application, I have since been reason to think I was right), and I walked down the little path away from Biddy, and Biddy went into the house, and I went out into the garden gate and took a quiet stroll until supper-time; again feeling it very difficult to make a change, should the second night of my bright forecast should be as lonely and unsatisfactory as the first.

But morning once more brightened my view, and I extended my clemency to Biddy, and we dropped the subject. Putting on the best clothes I had, I went into town as early as I could hope to find the shop open, and presented myself before Mr. Trabb, the draper, who was having his breakfast in the parlor behind his shop, and who did not think it worth his while to come out to me, but called me in to him.

"Well!" said Mr. Trabb, in a hale-fellow-well-met kind of way, "How are you, and what can I do for you?"

Mr. Trabb had sliced his ham into three finger-widths, and was laying ham in between the blankets and covering them in a napkin. He was a prosperous old bachelor, and his open window looked into a prosperous little garden and orchard, and there was a prosperous Iris safe let into the wall at the side of his fire-place, and I did not doubt that heaps of his property were put away in it in bags.

"Mr. Trabb," said I, "it's an unpleasant thing to have to mention, because it looks like boasting; but I have come into a handsome property."

A change passed over Mr. Trabb. He forgot the butter in bed, got up from the bedside, and wiped his fingers on the table-cloth, exclaiming, "Lord bless my soul!"

"I am going up to my guardian in London," said I, "and I am drawing some guineas out of my pocket, and I am going to them; and I want a fashionable suit of clothes to go in. I wish to pay for them." I added—otherwise I thought he might only pretend to make them, "with ready money."

"My dear Sir," said Mr. Trabb, as he respectfully bent his body, opened his arms, and took the liberty of touching me on the outside of each arm, and holding me by the hand, "What! May I venture to congratulate you? What! May you do me the favor of stepping into the shop?"

Now Mr. Trabb's boy was the most ridiculous boy in all that country-side. When I had



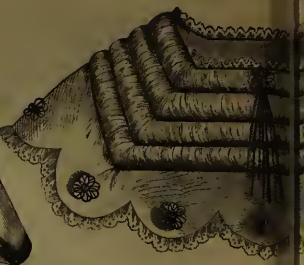
Woolen Hood.



Zouave Jacket (Back).



Italian Coll.







"BRING ME A LIGHT!"

A GHOST STORY.

My name is Thomas Whimborne, and when I was a young man I went to spend a college vacation with a gentleman in Westmorland. He had known my father's family, and had been appointed the trustee of a small estate left me by my great-aunt, Lady Jane Whimborne. At the time I speak of I was one-and-twenty, and he was anxious to give up the property into my hands. I accepted his invitation to "come down to the old place" and look after me. "When I arrived at the manor, I went to the master's old place, to which the Carlisle coach would carry me, and I and my portmanteau were put into a little cart, which was the only wheeled thing I could get at the little wayside inn.

After we had journeyed a few miles, my driver, a tall, strung, old man, glancing sharply at me, inquired: "Be ye t' mister, lad?"

"I am," said I. "My name is Whimborne."

"The same," Do you know any thing about me and my old house?"

"Dead do I. You're the heir of the old family, Mr. Erle is your guardian, and farms your lands."

"I know so much, myself," I replied. "I want to tell you who lives in Whimborne Hall now; surely there is somebody, some old woman or other, who lives in the old house and girs the rooms?"

"I am the ghost. But it's nubbin' ghosts and devils's out of them!"

"I am surprised, Mr. Thirlston, to hear a man like you talk such nonsense."

"What like do we happen know that I am, Master Whimborne? That if I talk nonsense (and I'm no gainsaying what a learned colleague like you can tell about nonsense), yet it's just the things I have heard and seen myself! I am speaking of right."

"What have you heard and seen at Whimborne Hall?"

"What o' body hears and sees at Whimborne, 'twixt sunset and moonlight; and what I used to see times and oft, when I lived there! Farming-man to 'ould Leddy Jane—what I not curious to see again, now. So get on, Timothy," he added to the horse, "or we may chance to come in for a fright."

"Is that the house, yonder, on the right?" I asked.

"There's na other house, good or bad, to be seen from this," he replied; but I observed that he did not turn his head in the direction I had indicated. He kept a look-out straight between the horse's ears; I, on the contrary, never took my eyes off the gray building which we were approaching. Just as we entered the shadow can by the trees, the horse's ears quivered, and the horse snorted, and sprang several yards from the road.

"Now for it! It is your time for running away, and bringing us late," muttered Ralph Thirlston, grasping the reins and standing up to get a better hold of the horse. Timothy now stood still; and to my surprise he was trembling in every limb, and shaking with terror.

"S'posing has frightened the beast," said I. "I shall just go and see what it was," and was about to jump down, when I felt Ralph Thirlston's great hand on my arm: it was a powerful grip.

"For the love of God, lad, stay where ye are!" he said, in a frightened whisper. "It's just here that mother met her death, for doing what you want to do now."

"What! For walking up to that fence and seeing what trifles frightened a skittish horse?" And I looked at the fence intently. There was nothing to be seen but a straggling bough of an elder bush which had forced its way through a chick in the rotten wood and was wavering in the wind.

Finding that the man was really frightened as

his right hand, and looked steadily at Timothy, he gave another glances toward the innocent elder bough—but what was my astonishment to see where it had been, or seemed to be, the figure of a man with a drawn sword in his hand.

"Stop! Thirlston! stop!" I cried. "There is somebody there! I see a man with a sword. Turn back, and I'll soon see what he is doing there!"

"Na! na! Never turn back to meet the devil, when ye have once got past him!" And Thirlston drove on rapidly.

"But he may overtake you," I cried, grinning. But as I looked back I saw that a pursuit was not intended, for the figure I had seen was gone. "I'll pay a visit to that devil to-morrow," I added. "I shall not harbor such game in my preserves."

"Lord's sake, don't talk like that, Master Whimborne!" whispered Thirlston. "We're just coming to the right! Maybe they may strike Timooch dead!"

"They? Who? Not the ghosts, surely?" I looked through the great gate as we passed, and saw the whole front of the house. "Why, Mr. Thirlston, you said no one lived in the old Hall! Look! There are lights in the windows."

"Ay! ay! I thought you would see them," he said, in a terried whisper, without turning his head.

"Why, look at them yourself," cried I, pointing to the house.

"God forfend!" he exclaimed, and he gave Timothy a stroke with the whip that sent him flying past the rest of the garden of the Hall. Our round rose again, and in a few minutes a good view of the place obtained. I looked back at it with livid interest. No lights were to be seen now; no moving thing, the black clouds contrasted with the gray walls, and the gray chimneys with the black clouds, as when the place first appeared to me. The moon now rose above a dark hill on our left. Thirlston allowed Timothy to slack his speed, and, turning round his head, he also looked back at Whimborne Hall.

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About a mile further the larking of a house-dog indicated that we were approaching Mr. Erle's. The driver stopped at a small wicket-gate leading into a shrubbery, got down, and invited me to do the same. He then fastened Timothy to the gate-post. The house had nothing to do with my present tale; we are far too dear to me to be disturbed by such a sight as this. They form the scenery of the romantic part of my present life; for Miss Ese became my wife a few years after this first visit to Whimborne. I saw her that evening, and forgot Ralph Thirlston, the old Hall, its ghosts and mysterious lights. However, the next morning I was forced back to the workday world, and saw again the lights in two, at least, of these lower windows. I said so to my companion. He replied:

"People don't get in this way," said I. "That is clear."

The garden was a sad wilderness, and grass grew on the broad steps which led up to the door.

As soon as we had crossed the threshold I felt the influence of that desolate dwelling creep over my spirit. There was a cold stagnation in the air—a deathly stillness—mucky light in the old rooms, indescribably depressing. All the lower windows were dark, and pictures dimmed, fastened, and convolutes and dust dimmed them plentifully.

Yet I could have sworn I saw lights in two, at least, of these lower windows. I said so to my companion. He replied:

"Yes. It was in this very room you saw a light, I dare say. This is one in which I have seen lights myself. But I do not wish to spoil my dinner by seeing any thing supernatural now. We'll go to the bed-chamber, and I will hasten to the lady's bed-chamber, and you will see where the appurtenances and noises are more numerous."

I followed him, but cast a glance round the room before I shut the door carefully. It was partly furnished like a library, but on one side was a bed, and beside it an easy-chair. "What name is given to this room? It looks ominous of some evil deed," I said.

"It is called 'ould Squire's Murder Room' by the people who know the story connected with it."

"Ah!" I said; "then I may look for a ghost there?"

"You will perhaps see me, or, if you stay long enough," said Mr. Erle, with the utmost composure. After showing me some other rooms, he added: "Most of the rooms are good enough for a gentleman's household. The rooms I have shown

well as the horse, I humored him. He still held his hand out.

"There is need for any one to go closer to see the cause of poor Timothy's fear," I said, laughing. "If you will look, Mr. Thirlston, you will see what I mean."

"Na! na! na! I'm not going to turn my face toward the devil and his works."

"Lord have mercy upon us! Christ have mercy upon us! Our Father who art in heaven, and with his eyes closed. I saw still, an amazed witness of his state of mind. When he had said this, I heard him open his eyes, and looking down at the horse, who seemed to have recovered, as I judged by his putting his head down to graze, he gave a low whistle, and tightening the reins once more, nimbly turned him back to be drawn forward. Thirlston kept his face away from the inclosure on

that about it? Tricks of this kind are not uncommon."

"At the risk of seeming foolish in your eyes, I must reply that I believe no human beings now living have any hand in the operations which go on in Whimborne Hall." Mr. Erle looked perfectly grave as he said this.

"I saw a man, with a sword in his hand, start from a part of the fence. I think he frightened our horse."

"I, too, have seen the figure you speak of. But I do not think it is a living man."

"What do you suppose it to be?" I asked, in amazement; for Mr. Erle was no ignorant or weak-minded person. He had already impressed me with real respect for his character and intellect.

He smiled at my impetuous tone.

"I live apart from what is called the world," said he. "Grace and I are not polished enough to think every thing which we can see enough for us to be interested in. The year past, I myself was a now resident in this country, and wishing to improve your property, I determined to occupy the old Hall myself. I had it prepared for my family. No mechanic would work about the place after sunset. However, I brought all my servants from a distance, and took care that they should have no intercourse with any neighbor for the first three days. On the third evening they were to be admitted, and I was to be there the next morning—all but Grace's nurse, who had been her mother's attendant, and was attached to the family. She told me that she did think it safe for the child to remain another night, and that I must give her permission to take her away."

"What did you do?" said I.

"I asked for some account of the things that had frightened them. Of course I heard some wild and exaggerated tales; but the main thing was, that when I asked what might have frightened them, they were not to see and hear again or to let my child have a chance of encountering. I told them so, candidly; and at the same time declared that it was my belief God's providence or punishment was at work in that old house, as every where else in creation, and not the devil's mischievous hand. Once more I made a rigorous search for secret devious and dark corners, for the sight and sound of which no man had hitherto seen, but without any discovery; and before sunset that afternoon the Hall was cleared of all human occupants. And so it has remained until this day."

"Will you tell me the things you saw and heard?"

"Nay, you had better see and hear them for yourself. We have plenty of time before sunset, I can show you over the whole house, and if your courage holds good, I will leave you there to pass an hour or so between sunset and moonrise. You will hear much here when you like; and if you are in a condition to hear, and care to hear, the story which peoples your old Hall with horrors, I will tell it you."

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"Thank you," said I. "Will you lend me a gun and pistol to assist me in my investigations?"

"Surely." And taking down the weapons I had pointed out, he began to examine them.

"You want them loaded?"

"Certainly, and with bullets. I am not going to shoot."

Mr. Erle loaded both gun and pistol. I put the latter into my pocket, and we left the room, riding a chancy pony.

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I was now a very coward. Grasping the halberd with one hand, and feeling for the unused pistol with the other, I call'd out—

"Who are you?" and with stupid terror I fired at the thing without pausing.

"There's a little laugh."

"Don't fire any more pistols at me, Mr. Whinmore. I'm not a ghost."

Something in the voice sent the blood once more coursing through my veins.

"Is it—?" I could not utter another word.

"It is, I, Grace Erie."

"What brought you here?" I said, at length, after I had descended the stairs, and had seized her hand that I might feel sure it was of flesh and blood.

"My pony. We began to get uneasy about you. It is nearly midnight. So papa and I set off to see what you were doing."

"What the devil are you doing at Whinmore?" asked Grace, coming hurriedly from a search in the lower rooms.

"Only at papa," I answered his daughter, archly, glancing up at my face. "But he is a bad shot, for he didn't hit me."

"Thank God!" I ejaculated. "Miss Erie, I was mad."

"No, only very frightened. Look at him, papa!"

Mr. Erie looked at me. He took my arm.

"Why! Whinmore, don't you look the better for seeing the spirits of your ancestors. However, I see it is no longer a joking matter with you. You do not wish to take up your abode here immediately."

I rallied under their kindly bidding.

"Let me get out of this horrid place," said I.

Mr. Erie led me by the hand, and I leaped again into the carriage.

"Horn! Try your hand at my other pocket-pistol!" said Mr. Erie, as he put a precious flask of that kind to my lips. After a second application of the remedy I was decidedly better.

Miss Erie mounted her pony, and we set off across the moor. I was very silent, and my companions talked a little with each other. My mind was too confused to recollect just where all that I had said and done during the day in the house, and I wished to arrange my thoughts and compose my nerves before I conversed with Mr. Erie on the strange visions of that night.

I excused myself to my host and his daughter in the best way I could, and after taking a slice of bread and a glass of water I went to bed.

The next day I rose late; but in my right mind. I was much shocked to find myself of cowardly fear which had seized me at a pistol shot by Erie. I began my interview with my host by uttering some expressions of this feeling. But it was an awkward thing to declare myself a fool and a coward.

"The less we say about that the better," said her father, gravely. "Fear is the strongest human passion, my boy; and will lead us to commit the vilest acts if we let it get the mastery."

A sudden thought was beside myself with terror at the sighs and sobs of that accursed house. I was not safe at the moment I saw your daughter! I shall never—"

"Whinmore, she hopes you will never mention it again! We certainly shall not. Now, if you are disposed to hear the story of your ancestor's evil deeds, I am ready to fulfil the promise I made you last night."

"How long ago I can't exactly find out, but some time between the Reformation and the Great Rebellion, the Whinmores settled in this part of the country, and owned a large tract of land. They were iron-hand and iron-hearted, stanch Catholics, and stanch Jacobites, during the religious and political dissensions of the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. After the Restoration of the Whinmores to the Whinmores of Whinmore Hall ceased to take any part in public affairs. They were too proud to farm their own land; and putting trust in a nefarious steward, the Whinmore who reigned at the Hall when King George the Second reigned over England was compelled to keep up appearances by selling half the family estate."

"The Whinmore in question, 'ould expire,' as the old song has it, a melancholy death, not much blessed in the matrimonial lottery. His wife, Lady Henrietta Whinmore, was the daughter of a poor Catholic Earl. Tradition says she was equally beautiful and proud; and I believe it."

"To return. This couple had only one child, a son. When Lady Henrietta found that her husband was a gentleman of no means and untrustworthy turn of mind, that she could not trust him to preserve his principles and his fair favor with the new government, she devoted herself to the education of her son, Graham. As he was a clever boy, with strong health and good looks, she determined that he should retrieve the fortunes of the family. She kept him under her own superintendence till he was ten years of age. She then sent him to France, where he remained till the East—

"He was brought up a Protestant, and thus the civil disabilities of the family would be removed. He was early accustomed to the society of all ranks, to be found in a first-class English public school; and his personal gifts as well as his mental excellence helped to win him the good opinion of others. When he returned from Oxford in his twenty-third year a friend of his said, 'We are afraid he will be a fool for a year or two in repose, after the fatigues of study.' One afternoon, as he rode home from a distant town, he paused on the top of Whinmore Hill, which commands a good view of the Hall. The simple larches of the great hills around, the antique beauty and repose of the Hall—above all, the sweet melody of the calls of the game, he had chanted Graham as a boy. He gazed with far stronger feeling at it all."

"It shall not be lost to me and my children," he vowed, "I will redeem the mortgage

on the house, I will win back every acre of the old Whinmore land. Yes, I will work for wealth; but I must lose no time, or my opportunity will be gone."

He looked at the several parts of the house, and began to calculate the cost of demolishing and hastening forward. As soon as he entered the house he went to see his father, whom he had not seen that day. He found him in his bed, with the nurse asleep in the easy-chair beside it. His father did not recognize him, and to Graham's mind looked very much changed since the previous day. He was thin, and his hair was grey, and his eyes, in spite of his love for her, that she neglected her duty as a wife. "She should be beside him now," he thought. Still he framed the best excuse he could for her there, for he loved and revered her. She was so strong-minded, so beautiful. Above all, she loved him with such passionate devotion. He tried to tell her the truth he had learned. She was an aristocrat and a woman. She did not care for him, and he was not good enough for her. She would not believe that the last way to wealth and power was not through the Court influence, but by commercial enterprise. He went to her bedroom, the Lady's Chamber, in which you were last night. She was not there, and he was about to retreat, when he heard her voice in anger speak to someone in the dressing-room or ordinary above. Graham went toward the stairs, and, as he ascended, he old female voice he knew was his mother's confidence, and acted as her maid and head-nurse to his father. She came down in tears, murmuring, "I can not bear it. It was you gave me the draught for him. I will send for a doctor."

"A doctor, indeed! He wants no doctor, critic the angry mistress. 'And don't talk any more nonsense, my good woman, if you value your place.'"

"In her agitation the woman did not see her young master, and hastily left the room.

"Astonished at the woman's words, he slowly ascended the steps to the dressing-room. He found his mother standing before the long looking-glass arrayed in a rich dress of old point lace, over a brocade petticoat, with necklace, bracelets, and

"Lady Henrietta opened the letter quickly, for she saw that the handwriting was her son's. 'Perchance he is coming this week,' she thought with a thrill of hope. "Yes, he will come to take me to the Lord-Lieutenant's ball." He is proud of his son, and I will let my best. But she had not read a dozen words before the letter was torn from her hands. Surprise darkened into rage and temper, anger—anger深ened into rage and hatred. She uttered a sharp cry of pain. The old servant ran to her in alarm; but her mistress had composed herself, though her cheek was livid. "Tell your ladyship call me?"

"Yes, bring me a sharp scold."

"In this letter Graham announced his return home the following week with a wife—a beautiful girl, penniless, and without connections of gentility. No words can describe the bitter rage and disappointment of this proud woman. Receive a beggarly, low-born wench for her daughter-in-law?—No! She would never do that. She paced the room in fury, and then sat down again. After a time thought became clearer, and she saw that there was no question of her willingness to let her daughter-in-law, but of that daughter-in-law's willingness to allow her to remain in the house. Ah! but it was an awful thing to see the proud woman when she looked that fact fully in the face. She hated her noseless daughter with a keen cold pride. But she did not let her go. She was a silly girl. She panted and foamed, turning and retuming with savage, steathy quickness. The day waned, and night began. Her servant came to see if she were wanted, and was sent away with a haughty negative. 'She is busy with some wicked thoughts,' murmured the old woman. *

"Graham Whinmore's bride was, as he had said, 'so good and so lovely, that no one ever thought of asking who were her parents.' She was also accomplished and elegant in manner. She was in all respects but birth superior to the Duke's daughter whom Lady Henrietta had selected for her son's wife. The beautiful Lilian's father was a music master, and she had given less

old library, where Graham sat awaiting the ladies. She wanted his opinion concerning her appearance. The legend does not tell how he behaved on this occasion, but it leaves it to young ladies to imagine."

"You must go to my mother, and let her see how lovely you look. Walk, first, that I may see her look behind." So she took from his hand a spray of rose he had gathered, and preceded her from the room, and up the staircase to his mother's chamber. She was in the dressing-room above.

"Go up by yourself," said Graham; "I will remain on the stairs, and watch you both. I would like to hear what she says, when she does not think I hear; for she never prizes you much to me, for fear of increasing my blind adoration, I suppose."

"Lilian smiled at him, and disappeared up the stairs. It was now becoming dark, and as he approached the stairs, a few moments afterward, he knew what was said, his mother's voice, in a strange eager tone, called from above,

"Bring me a sharp scold, bring me a sharp scold."

Then Graham saw his old servant run quickly from her seat by the window, and light a tall taper on the toilet. She carried this up to her mistress, and said Graham on the stair her return. She grasped his arm, and whispered fearfully,

"Watch her! Watch her!"

"I did watch, and saw—"

"For God's sake, Mr. Erie!" I interrupted,

"I have no doubt you did, since you say so;

and because I have seen it myself."

"We were silent for some moments, and then I asked, 'What is it?'

"Yes—the rest is well known to every one. He lived within twenty miles. Graham Whinmore vowed not to remain under the same roof with his mother, after he had seen his wife's blackened corpse. His grief and despair were quiet and enduring. He would not leave the corpse in the house; but before midnight it had carried to a neighboring shrubbery, where he watched beside it, and allowed no one to approach him. The old servant who figures in this story. She brought him food, and carried his commands to the household. From the day of Lilian's death till the day of her burial in the family vault at Whinmore Church, Graham guarded the summer-house where his wife lay, while his dimmed sunbeams as he walked by night abroad about the shrubbery would not allow the family jewels to be taken from the body, and that they were to be buried with it. Some say that he finally took them from the body himself, and buried them in the shrubbery, lest the undertakers, tempted by the eight of the jewels on the corpse, might desecrate her tomb afterward for the sake of stealing them. This opinion is supported by the fact that a portion of the shrubbery is buried by the appearance of Graham Whinmore, in mourning garments, and with a drawn sword in his hand."

"Would you advise me to institute a search for those old jewels?" I asked, smiling.

"I would," said he. "But take no one into your confidence, Iom Whinmore. You may raise a laugh against you, if you are unsuccessful. And if you are successful, and the jewels are found, which I certainly should be," I interrupted.

"You will raise a popular outcry against you. The superrituals people will believe that you have outraged the ghost of your great-grandfather, who will become mischievous in consequence."

I saw the prudence of this remark, and it was agreed between us that we should do all the digging ourselves down to any one. I then asked how it was that I was descended from this unfortunate gentleman.

Mr. Erie's story continued thus:

"After his wife's funeral Graham Whinmore did not return to the Hall but went away to the south, where he came at length, again, to rest in his mother's deathbed. The deathbed of the last year of the wicked Lady Henrietta's life was very wretched, as you may suppose. Her hating and cherishing sun brought them own reward—and her crowning crime was avenged without the terror of the law. For it is said that every evening at sunset the apparition of her murdered daughter-in-law came before her, bearing the rich dress which was so dear to her mother. And that it was her desire to repeat the cruel act, and to let her screams and the farewell curses of her adored son. The servants all left the Hall to scold; and no one lived with the wicked lady except the faithful old servant, Margaret Thirston, who staid with her to the last, followed her to the grave, and died there after."

"Her spirit was on her arrival here. She gave them a home, and every thing they wanted as housekeeper and farm-manager at the Hall. And at the death of Giles Thirston, his son Ralph became farm manager in his place. He continued there till 'Lilidy's' death, when he settled at the little wayside inn which you have seen, and which he calls 'Lilidy Lane and a Girl.'

I have but little more to say. Mr. Erie and I sought long for the hidden treasure. We found it, after reading a letter secreted in the escritoire, addressed to 'My youngest nephew's young son.' In that letter Iom Whinmore gave the names of the hidden parts of the family. They were buried under the garden fence, on the open moor, on a very spot, where I can swear I saw the figure of a man with a sword—my great-grandfather, Graham Whinmore.

After I married, we came to live in the south, and I took every means to let my little estate of Whinmore. To my regret the Hall has never found a tenant, and it is still without a tenant, after these twenty-five years."



"MY ARMS STRUCK AGAINST THE WALL, AND I FELL DOWN INSENSEBLE."

stars of diamonds. She looked very handsome as her great eyes still flashed and her cheek was yet crimson with anger. She turned hastily as her son's foot was heard on the topmost stair. When she saw it was he r' face softened with a smile.

"'You here, Graham? I have been wanting you.'

"'Where are you going, mother, decked out in the family diamonds and lace?'

"'I have forgotten?—To the ball at the Lord-Lieutenant's. You must dress quickly, or we shall be late.'

"At that moment hasty steps were heard in the chamber below, and a voice called:

"'My lady! my lady! come quick! The Squire is dying!'

"Mother and son went fast to Mr. Whinmore's room. They arrived in time to see the old man die. He pointed to her, and died with his last breath."

"She did it! She did it!"

"Lady Henrietta sat beside his bed and listened to these incoherent words without any sound of emotion. She watched the breath leave the body, and then closed the eyes herself. But though she kept up so bravely then, she was dangerously ill for several months after her husband's death, and was lovingly tended by her son and the old servant."

"I must now pass over ten years. Before the end of that time Graham Whinmore had become rich enough to buy back every acre of the land and to build a grander house, twenty times finer than the old one he was so miodified. But he was now become so miodified. He restored the old castle—made it what it now is."

"The Lady Henrietta lived there still; and surrounded all the improvements."

"It was the autumn of the tenth year since her husband's death, and she was expecting him again for his yearly visit. The Hall—above all, the sweet melody of the calls of the game, he had chanted Graham as a boy. He gazed with far stronger feeling at it all."

sons in singing herself. Lady Henrietta learned this and every thing else concerning her young daughter-in-law that could be considered disgraceful in her present station. But she put restraint on her contempt, and received her with an outward show of courtesy and stately kindness. Graham believed that for his sake she would be kinder to her than to his wife's low-born, and he despaired not about the results of their connection after he had seen his mother care for his wife once or twice. He felt sure that no one could know Lilian and not love her. He was proud and happy to think that two such beautiful women belonged to him.

"The Lord-Lieutenant's ball was expected to be unusually brilliant that year, and Graham was anxious that his wife should be the queen of the assembly.

"I should like her to wear the old lace and the jewels, mother," said Graham.

"The Lady Henrietta's eyebrows were contracted for a moment, and she shot a furtive glance at Lilian, who sat near, playing with a greyhound.

"Graham had seen that glace! But her words he believed."

"Certainly, my son. It is quite proper that your wife should wear such magnificence in her boudoir. There is no woman of quality in this country that can match them. I am proud to associate my right in her favor."

"There, Lilian! Do you hear, you are to eclipse the queen herself?"

"I will do so, if you wish it," said Lilian. "But I do not think that will amuse me so much as dancing."

"Balls, in those times, began at a reasonable hour. Ladies who went to a ball early in November began to arrive at the Hall in the evening. Graham had been dressed by her maid. Owing to a certain sentimental secret between her and her husband, she wore her wedding-dress of white Indian muslin, instead of a rich brocade silk petticoat, underneath the grand face role. The diamonds glittered gayly round her head and her softly-roundered throat and arms. She went to the





GOVERNOR THOMAS H. HICKS, OF MARYLAND.

GOV. HICKS, OF MARYLAND.

We know of no man who occupies a more prominent position at the present time than the Governor of the State of Maryland, whose portrait we publish herewith. To his wise and patriotic action, in firmly resisting the tide of popular feeling in his State and in the country, we owe, and preserved Maryland as a nucleus about which, if possible, all else prevails, our glorious Union may be preserved. As a representative man of the times, he should be held up as worthy of imitation by all who desire to aid in the perpetuation of the liberties which have given us so prominent a place among the nations of the earth.

Thomas Holiday Hicks was born in Dorchester County, Maryland, on the second day of September, 1798. His parents were plain, respectable people. His father was a mechanic, but late in life became a land-owner and farmer. Owing to his straitened circumstances, Governor Hicks, the eldest of a large family of children, was compelled to perform constant manual labor in the work-shop and on the farm. This mode of life he followed until he reached the age of twenty-two years; in the mean while utterly deprived of the means of education, and freely offered to every one.

When he reached the age of twenty-two he was appointed a constable for one of the districts of his county; which position he filled faithfully during two years. In 1816, he, without his knowledge, nominated as a candidate for sheriff of the county by the Democratic party of that day. Though that party was then largely in the minority, Governor Hicks defeated his Federal opponent by a large majority—that opponent being, too, one of the most popular men in the county, and himself being the youngest man

ever elected in that county to fill the important office of sheriff.

In 1829 the Adams party, to which he had attached himself, elected him to the Legislature; and he was returned to that position in the following year. In 1831 he was elected a member of the Electoral College, the duties of which was to choose the State Senators. In 1832 he was again elected to that office; and while in the discharge of his duties at Annapolis, he was again elected to the Legislature. This was a exciting period when the nineteen Democratic Electors, refusing to meet the Electoral College, came very near subverting the Government of the State. In the following year he was again elected to the Legislature, and was made a member of the Governor's Council, which position he held until the Council was abolished. He was then appointed Register

of Wills for Dorchester County. In 1844 he was nominated to that office, and served six years. In the year 1848 he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention, by which the office of Register of Wills was made a sinecure. In 1850, the incumbent of the office having died, he was induced to accept the appointment at the hands of the Orphans' Court, and at the next regular election he was elected Register of Wills, which office he held until 1857, when he was nominated for Governor by the American party, to which he had attached himself. He was elected by a large majority. It is not a little remarkable that, notwithstanding the fluctuations of party, in his own county and in the State, he never was defeated at a popular election but once—in 1831—when he was nominated, against his wishes, as the Whig candidate for Lottery Commissioner. In every election

at which he has been a candidate he has always led the poll in his own county. This fact is abundant evidence of the great popularity he has always enjoyed among those who knew him best.

As a person he is about the medium height, thick-set, with a large head and a wrinkled forehead; a countenance of mean individuality, but a firmness of character. That he is possessed of an iron will is sufficiently indicated by his present position in relation to the crisis. It is that peculiarity which has so deservedly earned for him the epithet of "Old Cesar."

Although now the object of severe abuse among the Whigs, he is cordially beloved by a large majority of the best men in Maryland; and when the smoke of the serious conflict in which we are now engaged shall roll, it will, we think, be difficult to find an unprejudiced man who will refuse to lend him for his honest efforts to avert the terrible calamities which overshadow us.

JOSEPH HOLT,
SECRETARY OF WAR.

The distinguished occupant of the War Department of the United States was born in 1807, in Breckinridge County, Kentucky. His parents were poor, but he made rapid by great industry and study, and obtained a good education. He was educated a part of the time at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, and the remainder of his college life was spent in Centre College, Danville. In 1828 he commenced the study of law at Elizabethtown, Kentucky; and he removed to Louisville in the winter of 1831-'32. In 1832, he was sent as a delegate to a Democratic Convention, held in Huntington, Kentucky, and to that body he made a speech that gave him a widespread reputation through-



HON. JOSEPH HOLT, SECRETARY OF WAR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AT NEW ORLEANS, SEIZED BY THE STATE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS.



THE MINT AT NEW ORLEANS, SEIZED BY THE STATE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



FLOWER-GIRLS AT NEW ORLEANS.



THE CRIPPLED AMERICAN EAGLE, THE COCK, AND THE LION.

LION. "Why, Brother Jonathan, you don't look so fierce as you used. How about the MONROE DOCTRINE now?"
COCK. "Yes, my good Jonatan, what you tink of PRIVATEERING under de present circumstance?"



GEREMIAH. "Is dat 'Hail Columbus! happy Lan'! yon's playin', 'Sephus?'

JOSEPHUS. "Yer! dat's show'n."
GEREMIAH. "Well, Master say dat chewn done dead."
JOSEPHUS. "He do! Well, of dat chewn dead, I jes' as well break my Banjo and gib up, 'cause dat's the prettest chewn I plays. Dat chewn's too pretty to die!"



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ON THE PARK — SKATE PROPRIETOR TO SPECTATOR WITH WOODEN LEG. "Ave a pair on, Sir? Ax yer Purdin, Sir — didn't twig yer Misfortun. I've a hodd 'un you can have, Sir!"



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